

# IRISH Lasses LETTER:

O R,

Her Earnest Request to TEAGUE her DEAR-JOY,

To an Excellent New TUNE.



I.

To my Dear-Joy dis Letter I Write,  
for a Return as soon as you can,  
Why did you leave *Kilkenny* to Fight,  
valiantly like de brave Souldier-man?  
Ever since we have been parted,  
never a day of Joy can I see;  
I still am Tormented, and can't be contented,  
O my fine Teague, A-gra magh cree.

II.

In *Ussquebaugh* thy Health do I Drink,  
with whom I have so long been in League,  
Oh! by my Shoul, I am ready to sink,  
every time I tink on my Teague:  
Sure dere's none alive can blame me,  
dat all my Care and Sorrow's for dee;  
I fear in de Battle, when Cannons do Rattle,  
My Teague shoud be slain, A-gra magh cree.

III.

Wou'd I had gone wid dee my Dear-Joy,  
better it is den Langulshing here,  
Dat I might help dy Foes to destroy,  
willing I am to Dye wid my Dear:  
Through de World Pde freely wander,  
so dat I might have dy Company;  
Now here in *Kilkenny*, my Sorrows are many,  
For want of my Teague, A-gra magh cree.

IV.

Here am I left an Innocent Maid,  
my Dearest Joy, in Grief to abide;  
O dat I might have been dy Comrade,  
every day to march be dy side:

Wid my Musket on my Shoulder,  
in my conceit I happy shoud be; *(Sole,*  
By Chreest and St. Patrick, I'd make dy foes heart  
Pde venture my Life for my Gra magh cree.

V.

Dost tow not know, I am of dat Stamp,  
dat will not fear a glittering sword,  
I can as freely follow de Camp,  
as de young page his Sovereign Lord,  
While de Trumpets dey are Sounding;  
I Shall rejoyce Love being wid de,  
Derefore now pittty my sorrowful Dirty;  
send for me over, my gra magh cree.

VI.

If dat Don wilt, but give me dy graunt,  
den Vou'd I hasten to dee wid speed,  
'Tis not de Foes dat ever can daunt,  
I dat am of de true Martial breed,  
Do de Cannons roar like Thunder,  
Pd never fear, Love, being wid dee;  
For here I am grieved, and can't be relieved,  
except I come to my own gra magh cree.

VII.

And in dy Tent my Teague Pll embraish,  
when dat we are returned from fight,  
Nay and thou shalt make Bush on my faith,  
tastting of more dain common delight,  
Send me derefore now an Answer,  
wheder or no I shall come to dee,  
Do but dis favour, I'd love dee for ever,  
my Dearest Teague, A-gra magh cree.

With Allowance,

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